The lamentable Ditty of Little *Mousgroue*, and the Lady *Barnet*.

To an excellent tune.

As it fell on a light Holyday,
as many mo3e haue in the yære,
Little Mousgroue vnto the Church and pray
to se the faire Ladyes there.
Gallants there were of gou3 degrè,
fo3 beauty excelling farre,
Vnto whom very louely to the eie,
that vnto that Church repaire.

Some came vnto in rich Veluet,
and others came vnto in Pall,
But next came vnto my Lady Barnet,
the fairest amongst them all,
She cast a looke vpon Little Mousgroue,
as bright as the Summers Sunne,
Full well perceiued then Little Mousgroue,
Lady Barnets Loue he had wonne.

Then Lady Barnet made meanes vnto,
salutes this Little Mousgroue,
Who vnto her did requy kindly courtesie,
with honour, and Gentle Loue,
I haue a Lord in merry Barnet,
beautified with Castelles faire,
If that it please you Little Mousgroue,
in loue me there to meete,

Within my Armes one night to sleepe,
fo3 you my heart haue wonne,
You need not feare my Iealious Lo3d,
fo3 he from home is gone.
Vnto me (sir) within one month,
then might I well sleepe with thee,
Then (quoth he) sith it happens my hap,
I sweare in my loue to thee.

What shall we doe with our little Fot-Page,
our Counsell he to keepe,
And watch he frees Lo3d Barnet comes,
whilest wee together doe sleepe
Kill Gods shall be his doome, quoth he,
and so shall he die.
If he our Counsell safely doe keepe,
that I may sleepe with thee.

I will haue none of your Gods, said he,
nor none of your Diuels die,
If I should keepe your Counsell, sir,
twere great disloyaltie.
I will not be false vnto my Lo3d,
he bought me out of land,
But if my Lady vse vnkinde vnkinde,
Lo3d Barnet shall vnderstand.

Then swiftly runnes the little Fot-Page,
vnto his Lo3d with speed,
Where there was feasting with his noble friends,
and reuelling of the best:
Quoth he vnto the Page vnto him,
well swiftly art thou come,
And when he came to the bottom Trough,
he lay on his head and swamme.

The Page did make no stay at all,
but went to his Lo3d with speed,
What he the truth might lay to him,
concerning this wicked deed.
He found his Lo3d at supper then,
great merriment there they did keepe.
My Lo3d, quoth he, this night on my word
Mousgroue with your Lady does sleepe.

The lamentable Ditty of Little *Mousgroue*, and the Lady *Barnet*.

To an excellent tune.

As it fell on a light Holyday,
as many mo3e haue in the yære,
Little Mousgroue vnto the Church and pray
to se the faire Ladyes there.
Gallants there were of gou3 degrè,
fo3 beauty excelling farre,
Vnto whom very louely to the eie,
that vnto that Church repaire.

Some came vnto in rich Veluet,
and others came vnto in Pall,
But next came vnto my Lady Barnet,
the fairest amongst them all,
She cast a looke vpon Little Mousgroue,
as bright as the Summers Sunne,
Full well perceiued then Little Mousgroue,
Lady Barnets Loue he had wonne.

Then Lady Barnet made meanes vnto,
salutes this Little Mousgroue,
Who vnto her did requy kindly courtesie,
with honour, and Gentle Loue,
I haue a Lord in merry Barnet,
beautified with Castelles faire,
If that it please you Little Mousgroue,
in loue me there to meete,

Within my Armes one night to sleepe,
fo3 you my heart haue wonne,
You need not feare my Iealious Lo3d,
fo3 he from home is gone.
Vnto me (sir) within one month,
then might I well sleepe with thee,
Then (quoth he) sith it happens my hap,
I sweare in my loue to thee.

What shall we doe with our little Fot-Page,
our Counsell he to keepe,
And watch he frees Lo3d Barnet comes,
whilest wee together doe sleepe
Kill Gods shall be his doome, quoth he,
and so shall he die.
If he our Counsell safely doe keepe,
that I may sleepe with thee.

I will haue none of your Gods, said he,
nor none of your Diuels die,
If I should keepe your Counsell, sir,
twere great disloyaltie.
I will not be false vnto my Lo3d,
he bought me out of land,
But if my Lady vse vnkinde vnkinde,
Lo3d Barnet shall vnderstand.

Then swiftly runnes the little Fot-Page,
vnto his Lo3d with speed,
Where there was feasting with his noble friends,
and reuelling of the best:
Quoth he vnto the Page vnto him,
well swiftly art thou come,
And when he came to the bottom Trough,
he lay on his head and swamme.

The Page did make no stay at all,
but went to his Lo3d with speed,
What he the truth might lay to him,
concerning this wicked deed.
He found his Lo3d at supper then,
great merriment there they did keepe.
My Lo3d, quoth he, this night on my word
Mousgroue with your Lady does sleepe.

The second part; To the same tune.

IF this be true, my little Fat-Page.
and true as thou telleſt to me,
thy eldeſt daughter Ile give to thee,
and rewarded ſhalt thou be.
If this be lye, my little Fat-Page,
and a lye as thou telleſt to me:
A new paire of Gallowes ſhall ſtraight be ſet,
and hanged ſhalt thou be.
If this be a lye, my Lord, take by,
a lye that you heare from me,
Then never ſtay a Gallowes to make,
but hang me upon the next tree.
Lord Barnet then calls up his merry men,
many with ſpeede he downe gan,
His heart was ſore perplext with griefe,
the truth of this he muſt know.
Bridle your horſes with ſpeed, quoth he,
and ſaddle me my white ſteed,
If this be true as the Page hath ſaid,
Mouſgrove ſhall repent this deed.
He chang'd his own unto a make,
as they rode all along on the way,
Now tell me true, quoth he, on your life,
all our comming if thou do betray.
But one of the men that Mouſgrove did love,
and reſpected his friendſhip moſt deare,
To give him true wings Lord Barnet was neere,
his horſe his Bugle muſt cleare,
Full ſeaven miles as he did blow,
along Mouſgrove and away:
Sir, if I take this with my Lady,
then ſlaine thou ſhalt be this day.
O harke, faire Lady, your Lord is neere,
I heare his little horne blow,
For if he finde me in your Armes thus,
then ſlaine I ſhall be, I know.
O lye ſtill, lye ſtill, little Mouſgrove,
and keepe my backe from the cold,
I know it is my Fathers Shepheard,
driving theepe to the fold.
Mouſgrove his horne hee ſound about,
ſeaven ſlumber did upon him gaine,
When he did wake, he then eſpied
Lord Barnet at his bowe ſtaffe.
Ariſe up, ariſe up, little Mouſgrove,
and put thy Clothes on,
It ſhall never be ſaid in faire England,
I ſlew a naked man.
Here's two gun ſwords, Lord Barnet ſaid,
thy choice Mouſgrove thou ſhalt make,
The beſt of them thy ſelfe ſhalt have,
and I the worſt will take.
The firſt gun blow that Mouſgrove did give,
he wounded Lord Barnet ſore,
The ſecond blow that Lord Barnet gave,
Mouſgrove could ſtrike no more.
He tooke his Lady by the white hand,
all love to her he ſhewed,
That with his ſwords in moſt furious wiſe,
he pierſt her tender breaſt.
A grave, a grave, Lord Barnet cryes,
prepare to lay her in,
For my Love ſhall lie on the upper ſide,
cauſe ſhe's of the better kin.
Then ſuddenly he was bereaved,
with grievous pangs his ſpirits fell faſt,
The wounds of them that bleeding lay,
with teares they did bewaile.
This ſad miſchance by ill meanes wrought,
Then let us call for grace,
That we may from this wicked life,
and worke our ſoules peace.

FINIS.

London Printed for H. Gosson.